

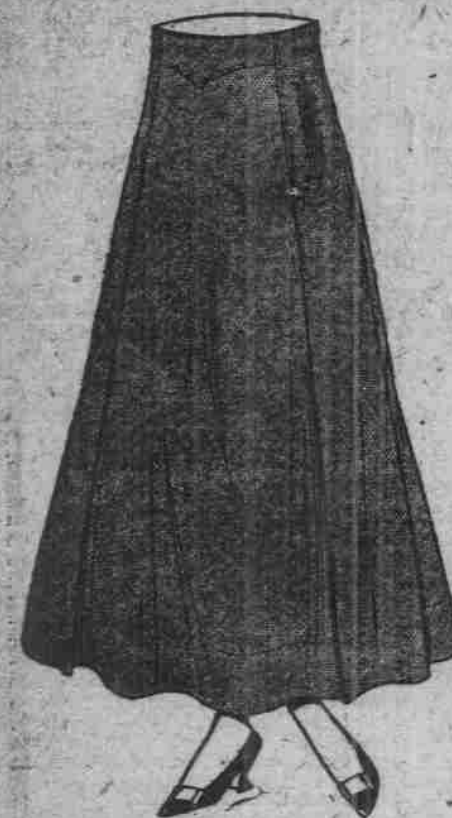
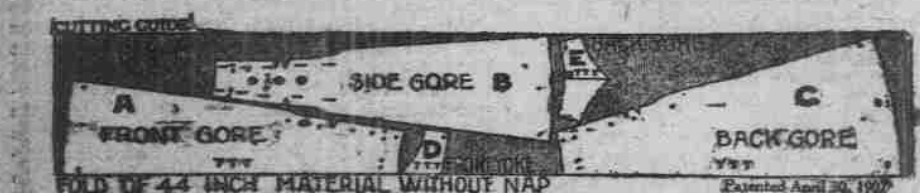
EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

Let the Woman's Page Speak the Woman—Let It Be a Help to Those Who Deserve Help; a Comforter to Those Who Need Comforting, and Above  
all Let It Be a Friend to Every WomanDOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVESThe young lady across the way says you so seldom hear anything un-  
fortunate happening to the submarines that she guesses they must be pos-  
sively unsinkable.

## CLEANLINESS AND FOOD.

(Connecticut Research Association.)

It is a truism that many domestic  
industries have left the home and  
that others are in process of leaving  
either in whole or in part. Among  
the latter is the preparation of food.  
Some of "mother's cooking" in all  
families and all of "mother's cook-  
ing" in some families has been trans-  
ferred to the food factory, the restau-  
rant, hotel, or delicatessen store.So a new social problem, that of  
food sanitation, has arisen. Minute  
regulations, some of them appar-  
ently quite burdensome, have been is-  
sued by the health authorities. For  
example, the regulations of New  
York city regarding the sale, handling,  
storage, cooking and manufacture of  
food products (other than milk) fill  
ten pages of fine print and extend  
from the material of which store  
counters and restaurant cooks  
clothes must be made to the prohibi-  
tion of the use of cow lungs and  
adders in the making of sausages.  
Then, to the lay mind, most simple  
and ordinary act of breaking eggs re-  
quires a page and a half of regula-  
tions, one page being devoted to eggs  
broken for edible purposes and half  
a page to eggs broken for inedible  
purposes. Whether the latter in-  
cludes eggs broken by impact upon  
the persons of unpopular historic  
characters is not revealed.The right way to look at these  
regulations, however, is that they re-  
quire by law in factories and storesand public kitchens the same precau-  
tions in the interest of health and  
sanitation that every careful housewife  
takes in her own kitchen. Your  
mother surely would not leave food  
on the floor for household pets to  
nose, nor milk the cow when she was  
nursing a case of typhoid, nor allow  
the filthy fly in any part of the house,  
let alone the kitchen, nor wear fuzzy  
dirt collecting clothes, nor make  
bread without washing her hands  
first. Why then should these things  
be done by hired persons in public  
places who handle or prepare our  
food for us?This is the time of year when mer-  
chants should begin to exercise great  
care in protecting food from flies and  
the wind-borne dirt and pulverized  
manure of the streets. Especially  
should all meat products be kept in  
covered receptacles or closely screen-  
ed. Every town should have an ordi-  
nance on this subject (not necessarily  
covering ten pages). If there is no  
ordinance, however, conscientious  
and progressive merchants and mil-  
lions of housewives can accomplish won-  
ders if they get together in forcing  
the less conscientious and progres-  
sive merchant into line.A delegation of 50 women sailed from  
New York on the steamer Noordam on  
their way to The Hague to attend the  
Women's Peace Conference to be held  
there.FUNERAL DESIGNS AND  
JOHN RECK & SONEasy & Practical  
Home Dress Making  
LessonsPrepared Especially For This Newspaper  
by Pictorial ReviewOne of the new wide skirts which  
gains distinctiveness by being worn  
quite short. It is trimmed with braid  
and cut on a four-piece model.Pictorial Review Skirt Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches  
waist. Price, 15 centsThese Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially  
for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial  
Review.Chic Feather Hat  
Uniquely Trimmed  
Upon Either Side

CHIC FEATHER HAT

The hat shown is of crimson straw,  
the brim almost entirely hidden by the  
feathers, which are made in upstand-  
ing fancies upon either side. The  
feathers are black.

## TODAY'S POEM

## THE SOWER.

I planted a garden of dreams one day,  
And into each crevice the sun dropped  
a ray.  
In the spring of my life my dream  
blossoms blew  
Out into the world, in bright calm  
they grew.  
Till life stretched its hand and  
crushed out their breath,  
And where had been hope was the  
shadow of death.T'ween the fingers of that grim mys-  
terious hand  
Some pollen escaped, and the weary  
years spanned,  
And I gazed on alone, with the echoes  
a-ringing  
In my ears, faint and old, of that  
slumbering spring.  
Till I saw there beneath me, though  
with stems brown and bare,  
Those buds of my youth, with their  
color still fair.  
—Mildred Stewart.

## CORNER FOR COOKS

## Snappy Side Dish.

Steam a cupful of rice in which one  
sweet red pepper has been chopped in  
five pieces. When the rice is thor-  
oughly cooked stir in one can of con-  
densed tomato soup. Season to taste.  
This recipe is a simple one and the  
result delicious.

## Tomato Bisque.

To a can of condensed tomato soup  
add an equal quantity of milk or  
cream and a dash of sugar, mix all  
together while cold, then bring slowly  
to boiling point and serve. In this  
case, if you wish to make it more  
rich, it requires but one cooking utensil,  
which is a great advantage, and can  
also be mixed any length of time be-  
fore using with the same result. A  
cup of soda, also, which man dislike and  
which is often overdone.

## Another "Quick" Catsup.

Take one can of condensed tomato  
soup, half a cupful of salt, pepper to  
suit taste, one onion minced fine and  
a few white mustard seeds, a pinch  
of ground cinnamon, a couple of bay  
leaves, half a cup of vinegar, and  
boil about 15 minutes, strain and bot-  
tle.

## Pepper Relish.

In the fall when new pickles are  
made they are eaten with a great rel-  
ish which is less apparent during the  
winter, but in the spring again there  
is a craving for something sour and  
piquant. It is an easy matter to  
make a delicious pepper relish at this  
season. Buy half a dozen green mild  
peppers such as are used for salads  
and for stuffing and baking. Chop  
the peppers and three medium sized  
onions finely, pour on boiling water  
to cover and let stand five minutes.  
Drain and add one-half cup of sugar,  
one level tablespoon of salt and three-  
quarters cup of vinegar. Cook to-  
gether about 15 minutes.

## Salad Dressing.

Mix a rounding teaspoon of corn-  
starch, one level teaspoon each of dry  
mustard and salt, a rounding table-  
spoon of sugar and a few grains of  
cayenne. Beat the yolks of three  
eggs used in the dessert, add to the  
dry ingredients one-third cup of soft  
butter, 1-2 cups of milk and cook  
until thick, strain and chill at once.

## Hard Honey Cake.

2-4 cup flour, 1-2 cup sugar, 2  
1-2 cups flour, 1-2 cup sugar, 1-4  
teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2  
teaspoon ground cardamom seed, 1-2  
teaspoon cloves, speck white pepper,  
speck salt, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1 table-  
spoon water, 2 ounces blanched  
almonds cut into small pieces or  
chopped.Sift together the flour and spices,  
dissolve the soda in the water, beat  
the eggs and combine all the in-  
gredients. Beat or knead the mixture  
thoroughly. Cook a small sample. If  
it does not rise sufficiently, add a lit-  
tle more soda and honey. If it fails,  
add a little more flour. Roll out the  
dough to the thickness of about  
three-fourths of an inch and bake in  
a hot oven. When the cake is doneLAURA JEAN LIBBEY'S DAILY TALKS ON  
HEART TOPICS

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MISS LIBBEY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERSCorrect name and address  
must be given to insure atten-  
tion, not to print. Use ink.  
Write short letters, on one side  
of paper only. Address Miss  
Libbey, 916 President street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.IS IT JUST TO  
ASK HIM TO VISIT?Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am a girl of 18 and have gone with  
a young man three years. He  
never lived here. I have written to  
him nearly three years. He says he  
loves me, always has since he first  
saw me. He also says he is coming to  
see me this fall. I have not seen him  
for two years. Do not think I care for  
him more than as a friend. He is a  
jolly, good boy, works hard, earns  
good wages and spends it as fast as  
it is earned. Is it proper for him to  
come to see me? Could I learn to like  
him better? Do you think any one's  
life would be happy with him? Is it  
just to ask him to visit me? Am I to  
keep on writing him?After being in each other's company  
all that time, writing to him, as many  
years, and now no more and hearing  
nothing from him, I do not know what  
to advise. I think you can do better and  
not fare worse. If he cares to visit  
you it is not strictly necessary for you  
to write and write him time and  
again. If you do not like him very  
well you won't be apt to learn to like  
him.CUTTING THE OTHER  
FELLOW OUT.Dear Miss Libbey:—  
I am a girl of 19, considered very  
pretty. I go with a young man three  
years my senior, but he lives out of  
town and only comes once a month.  
He says he loves me and can never  
marry any other girl. But I do not  
love him. There is another fellow in  
my home town who wanted to go with  
me, but I refused him because I did  
not want to have two friends. I like  
him and could learn to love him,  
and now I am sorry I refused him.  
He told a girl friend of mine he loved  
me and would like to go with me and  
he also wanted her to make a date  
with me. What shall I do?P. B.  
"It is well to be merry and wise,  
Blanche.  
It is best to be honest and true;  
And to always be off with the old love,  
Blanche,  
Before you are on with the new."If you find your love for your first  
lover has cooled beyond rekindling,  
damian him, be frank with him, that  
he may know his position in the mat-  
ter. Remember, it takes two to enter  
into a betrothal of marriage and two  
to break it. If you are not yet engaged  
you have no binding tie. I do not  
think well of man who would cut out  
an honest lover during his enforced  
absence.A GOOD BEGINNING  
ON THE LOVE ROUTEDear Miss Libbey:—  
I am in love with a girl one year my  
senior. We have been going together  
for the past four months. I love her  
very much, and I think she cares for  
me, but there is something that puzzles  
me. At times she is prompt in an-  
swering my letters, and at other  
times she waits as long as a week be-  
fore replying. Do you think she really  
cares for me?

ANXIOUS D. O. C.

Laura Jean Libbey

glaze it with a thick sirup of sugar  
and water. Bake at 350° in a  
slow oven or in some other warm  
place. While it is still warm, cut it  
into long strips, or it may be left in  
one large cake, to be cut into thin  
slices when served. This cake will  
become very hard on cooling and will  
not be soft enough to eat for several  
weeks, but will keep in good condi-  
tion for an indefinite length of time.

## Honey Charlotte Russe.

1 quart cream, 6 lady fingers, 1-2  
cup delicately flavored honey.  
Chill the honey by placing the dish  
containing it in a pan of ice water.  
Whip the cream and add it to the  
honey, mixing the two well. Line a  
dish with lady fingers and fill it with  
the honey and cream. Serve very  
cold.

## Currants.

Bar-le-Duc currants, an article of  
commerce often made with honey,  
sell for a relatively high price, in  
part no doubt because of the large  
amount of labor involved in prepar-  
ing them. The seeds are removed  
from the currants by a method which  
mutilates the fruit very slightly; the  
fruit is then preserved in honey or  
sugar sirup. Those who wish to take  
the time to preserve currants in this  
way will find that a convenient way  
to remove the seeds is to cut a small  
slit in the side of each currant and  
remove the seeds by means of a  
needle. After this is done, weigh  
the currants and take an equal  
weight of honey. Bring the honey to  
the boiling point, add the currants,  
and allow them to cook at the boiling  
point for two or three minutes, or un-  
til the skins are tender, being care-The girl who has nothing to do but  
read poems and love stories and day  
dream over lovers has so much idle  
time on her hands she turns to letter  
writing to while away the dull hours.  
She delights in scribbling off a dozen  
closely written pages a day to this one,  
that one, any one, who will answer.  
The busy girl has more important mat-  
ters to attend to. A week or a fort-  
night often slips by unnoticed. That she  
answers at all should be taken as an  
indication that she is not indifferent to  
you, in fact, that she appreciates your  
friendship. That is an excellent begin-  
ning on the love route.

## A LUCKY SPRING BRIDE

"An' ye shall walk in silk attire,  
An' stiller has to spare,  
If ye'll consent to be my bride,  
Nor think o' Donald Mair."Did you ever hear of the odd super-  
stitions in regard to marriage which  
troubled the breasts of young women  
of ancient lore? Courtships were sel-  
dom of long standing. If the young  
couple met early in the new year and  
mutual admiration merged into love,  
the sweetheart confidently expected  
he would make her an Easter  
bride.The making of her wardrobe and the  
household linen which was to be an  
important part of her marriage por-  
tion was duly placed under way, even  
though he had not as yet proposed and  
put the betrothal ring on her finger.  
To be wedded in early spring was ev-  
ery maiden's ambition, for such mar-  
riages were supposed to possess  
all the elements of "luck forever  
after."Surely it is a pardonable hope for  
her to cling to. No wonder this sen-  
sation of all others has so much to re-  
commend it. Spring outfits, while far  
prettier than those of other seasons,  
are by no means as costly or difficult  
to prepare as a girl wishes to be her  
own dressmaker. It is but a step to  
the glorious warmth of summer, and  
the dainty flowered mulls and beril-  
lone organizes can transform even  
the plainest faced winter girl into a  
summer beauty, at least in her lover's  
eyes.Tradition has it that Easter brides  
are always loyal, loving and true,  
and the families of sturdy sons  
and beautiful daughters, are prudent,  
excellent housewives, and women of  
broad sympathies.What more perfection could any  
man expect in a wife? There are girls  
who are not averse to being made a  
bride at any time, but if they were  
asked what time of the year really has  
the greatest power to make them an-  
swer unhesitatingly: "Easter time is the  
happiest, brightest and blithest time of  
all the year. I would like to be an Easter  
bride." There are men, too, who still  
hold to the old traditions of their fore-  
fathers. They look about for a char-  
ming spot to build a little cottage, just  
big enough for two, which can be made  
ready for the reception of an Easter  
bride. How well the poet knows the  
hearts of men when he gave to the  
world the important lines:"In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."Men who marry in the lucky spring-  
time are hardly considered to be those  
who are marrying in haste to repent  
at leisure. Usually they have courted a  
twelvemonth, or the greater part of  
the year, some even longer. In the  
springtime, a man apparently has more  
hope and ambition to start up new en-  
terprises. He is not hampered by  
having to sit by the fireside, heap on  
coal or find his rooms chilly. He can  
put his arm about his bonny bride  
and take her along the grassy mead-  
ows, where she will delight to see the  
first violets peeping at her happy face  
and the brook echoing her rippling  
laughter. She can have her bridal  
bouquet fashioned from the pretty  
flowers which are just beginning to  
buds she may choose to pick. Even  
the spring birds seem to carol the  
sweet refrain, "Happy is the bride  
when spring's sunshine is hers, with love."A FOOL AND HIS  
MONEYBY GEORGE BARR  
MCUTCHEON.

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## (Continued.)

She regarded me fixedly for a mo-  
ment. She seemed to be searching  
my thoughts. "You," she said very  
suddenly. "Why are you so quiet,  
so funeral?" I observed a faint tinge  
of red in her cheeks and an ominous  
steadiness in her gaze. Was there an-  
ger also?I apologized for my manners and as-  
sured her that my work was respon-  
sible. Would I come to see her the  
next day?"But don't think of coming, Mr.  
Smart," she declared, "if you feel you  
cannot spare the time away from your  
work.""My dear countess," I exclaimed, dis-  
playing a livelier interest than at any  
time before, "I shall be delighted to  
come. Permit me to add that my work  
may go hang."Her face brightened. "But men must  
work," she objected."Not when women are willing to  
play," I said."Splendid," she cried. "You are re-  
viving. I feel better. If you are going  
to be nice I'll let you stay.""Thanks. I'll do my best."  
She seemed to be weighing some-  
thing in her mind."If you don't mind what the servants  
are saying about us, Mr. Smart, I am  
quite sure I do not."

I caught my breath.

"Oh, I understand everything," she  
cried mischievously, before I could  
stammer anything in reply. "They are  
building a delightful romance around  
us. And why not? Why begrudge  
them the pleasure? No harm can come  
of it, you see."

"Certainly no harm," I floundered.

The gossip is confined to the castle.  
It will not go any further. We can  
afford to laugh in our sleeves, can't  
we?""Ha, ha!" I laughed in a strained ef-  
fort, but not into my sleeve. "I rejoice  
to hear you say that you don't mind.  
No more do I. It's rather jolly.""Fancy any one thinking we could  
possibly fall in love with each other,"  
she scoffed. Her eyes were very  
bright. There was a suggestion of  
sardonic water in that remark.

"Yes, just fancy," I agreed.

"Absurd!"

"But of course, as you say, if they  
can get any pleasure out of it why  
should we object?""Well, we are bosom friends once  
more, are we not? I am so relieved."  
"I suppose Poopendyke told you the  
gossip.""Oh, no. I had it from my maid.  
She is perfectly terrible. All French  
maids are. Mr. Smart, beware of  
French maids! She won't have it any  
other way than that I am desperately  
in love with you. Isn't she delicious?"

"Oh?" I gasped.

And she confided the wonderful se-  
cret to every one in the castle, from  
Rosemary down to Jinko.

"Pon my soul!" I murmured.

And so now they all are saying that  
I am in love with you," she laughed.

"Isn't it perfectly ludicrous?"

"Perfectly," I said without enthusi-  
asm. My heart sank like lead. Lud-  
icrous? Was that the way it appeared  
to her? I had a little spirit left. "Quite  
as ludicrous as the fancy Britton has  
about me. He is obsessed by the idea  
that I am in love with you. What do  
you think of that?"She started. I thought her eyes nar-  
rowed for a second. "Ridiculous," she  
said very simply. Then she arose ab-  
ruptly. "Please ring the bell for  
Hawkes."I did so. Hawkes appeared. "Clear  
the table, Hawkes," she said. "I want  
you to read all these newspaper clip-  
pings, Mr. Smart. Be sure of  
reading to a bundle on a chair near the  
window. We crossed the room. "Now  
that you know who I am, I insist on  
your reading all that the papers have  
been saying about me during the past  
five or six weeks."I protested, but she was firm. "Ev-  
ery one else in the world has been  
reading about my affairs, so you must  
do likewise. No, it isn't necessary to  
read all of them. I will select the  
most lurid and the most glowing. You  
see there are two sides to the case.  
The papers that father can control are  
united in defending my action; the  
European press is just the other way.  
Sit down, please. I'll hand them to  
you."For an hour I sat there in the win-  
dow absorbing the astonishing history  
of the Tarnowsky abduction case. I felt  
rather than observed the intense scru-  
tiny with which she favored me.At last she tossed the remainder of  
the bundle unread into a corner. Her  
face was aglow with pleasure."You've read both sides, and I've  
watched you oh, so closely. You don't  
believe what the papers over here have  
to say. I saw the scowls when you  
read the translations that Mr. Poopen-  
dyke has typed for me. Now I know  
that you do not feel so bitterly toward

me as you did at first."

I was resolved to make a last deter-  
mined stand for my original con-  
victions."But our own papers—the New York,  
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago journals—  
still voice in a way my principal con-  
viction in the matter, countess. They  
deplore the wretched custom among  
the idle but ambitious rich that made  
possible this whole lamentable state of  
affairs. I mean the custom of getting  
a title into the family at any cost.""My dear Mr. Smart," she said seri-  
ously, "do you really contend that all  
of the conjugal unhappiness and un-  
rest of the world is confined to the  
American girls who marry noblemen?  
Has it escaped your notice that there  
are thousands of unhappy marriages  
and equally happy divorces in Amer-  
ica every year in which noblemen do  
not figure at all?"Then suddenly she changed the sub-  
ject."I have some pleasant news for you,"  
she said. "My mother will be here on  
Thursday. You will not like her, of  
course, because you are already prej-  
udiced, but I know she will like you.""I hope she will like me," I added,  
feeling that it was necessary.

"She was a Colingruff, you know."

"Indeed?" The Colingruff family  
was one of the oldest and most exclu-  
sive in New York.

"You will like my father," she said.

"He loves me more than any one else  
in the world—more than all the world.  
He would buy off the count tomorrow  
if I would permit him to do so. Of  
late I have been thinking very seri-  
ously of suggesting it to him. A mil-  
lion is nothing to my father."There came a sharp rapping on the  
door at this instant. "Goodness!  
You'd think Sherlock Holmes himself  
was at the door!" she cried.

I went to the door.

"Can you come down at once, Mr.  
Smart?" Poopendyke said in a voice  
not meant to reach the ears of the  
countess.

"What's up?" I questioned sharply.

"The jig, I'm afraid," he whispered.  
"Good Lord! Detectives?""No. Count Tarnowsky and a stran-  
ger."

"Impossible!"

The countess, alarmed by our man-  
ner, quickly crossed the room.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"The count is downstairs," I said.

"Don't be alarmed. Nothing can hap-  
pen. You—"She laughed. "Oh, is that all? My  
dear Mr. Smart, he has come to see  
you about the frescoes."

"But I have insulted him," I said.

"Not permanently," she said. "I  
know him too well. He is like a leech.  
He has given you time to reflect and  
therefore regret your action of the oth-  
er night. Go down and see him."Poopendyke volunteered further in-  
formation. "There is also a man down  
there, a cheap looking person, who  
says he must see the Countess Tarnow-  
sky at once."A middle aged man with the upper  
button of his waistcoat off? she asked  
sharply.

"I—I can't say as to the button."

"I am expecting one of my lawyers.  
It must be he. He was to have a but-  
ton off.""I'll look him over again," said Poop-  
endyke.And be careful not to let the  
count catch a glimpse of him. That  
would be fatal."No danger of that. He went at  
once to old Conrad's room.""Good! I had a note from him this  
morning, Mr. Smart. He is Mr. Bangs  
of London.""May I inquire, countess, how you  
manage to have letters delivered to  
you here? Isn't it extremely danger-  
ous to have them go through the  
mails?""They are all directed to the  
Schmicks," she explained. "They are  
passed on to me. Now go and see the  
count. Don't lend him any money."The count was waiting for me in the  
loggia."It is good to see you again, old fel-  
low," he said, with an amiability that  
surprised me. "I was afraid you might  
hold a grievance against me. You  
Americans are queer chaps, you know."Consummate assurance! I had not  
believed a drop of anything that night."I assure you, Count Tarnowsky, the  
little tilt, as you are pleased to call  
it, was of no consequence. I had quite  
forgotten that it occurred. Sorry you  
reminded me of it."The irony was wasted. He beamed.  
"My dear fellow, shall we not shake  
hands?"There was something irresistibly  
winning about him, as I've said before.  
We shook hands with what seemed to  
be genuine fervor.

(Continued.)

FUNERAL DESIGNS AND  
BOUQUETS  
JOHN RECK & SON